

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Mingle's Bill of Fare.

A rosy Cheek, a sparkling Eye.

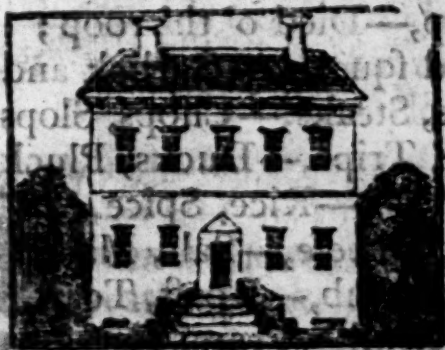
When a Maiden's about to be Wedded,
Rattan and Helen.

When Love at first, with soft Emotion,
The Bewilder'd Maid.

Heigho, Heigho! [Mind.

When a Man weds, he must make up his
I'm an old Evergreen.

When fresh I wak'd to life's unfolding day.



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Gatehead, and Old Flesh-Market, Newcastle.

Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Mingle's Bill of Fare.

SOME say, what can a man do?
'Mongst fifty one cannot please two:
But tell me your taste and your price,
And I will suit you in a trice.

Mutton and mullet,—Turkey and pullet,
Melon and calebash,—Calipee and calipash,
German sour crout,—Salmon and trout,
Cormorant, quail,—Woodcock and trail,
Oysters and widgeon,—Lobsters and pigeon,
Soy, parmesan,—Ketchup, cayenne,
Soup vermicelli,—Cabbage and jelley,
Syllabub, mustard,—Kidneys and custard.

Mince pie,—Lamb's fry,
Toad in a hole,—Flounder and sole,
Giblet soup,—Died o' th' roop;
Bubble and squeak,—Garlick and leek;

Cakes, Steaks,—Chops, Slops,
Snipe, Tripe,—Ducks, Plucks,
Eel, Veal,—Rice, Spice,
Pease, Cheese,—Salt, Malt,
Ham, Lamb,—Roast, Toast,
Boil, Broil,—Pears, Flares,
Figs, Pigs,—Quince, Mince.

Busy at cookery,—Crow in a rookery:—
Old Madam Glafs—was but an afs!
For Mingle's the man—at tossing the pan,
Some say, what can a man do? &c.

A rosy Cheek, a sparkling Eye.

A Rosy cheek, a sparkling eye,
 A subtle smile, an artful sigh,
 May win man's bragart heart;
 But woman, if she wish to prove
 Some little constancy in love,
 Must deeper words impart:
 For man, false man, is ever ranging,
 And sudden love brings sudden changing.
 ————— Go, fickle Love,

To fix man's heart, and keep it true,
 Fond woman should this plan pursue,
 And play a cautious part:
 Be sometimes chearful, sometimes kind,
 Yet ever changing with his mind,
 And thus secure his heart:
 For tho' false man is ever changing,
 Still prudent love prevents his ranging.
 So, welcome Love.

When a Maiden's about to be Wedded.

WHEN a maiden's about to be wedded,
 Her heart beats with joy and with fear,
 As the hour so wish'd for and dreaded,
 Of meeting her husband, draws near:
 The ring when you take from your lover,
 To him, when you're given away,

Remember one word to slip over,
 And that, you will guess, is—Obey
 As men make a point to deceive us,
 Let's ever be conscious of that,
 And if they refuse to believe us,
 Let tit be returned for tat.
 They'll say that our vows we have broken,
 To them that we gave up the sway;
 So clearly each word may be spoken,
 But mind to slip over—Obey.

Rattan and Helen.

I Helen's breast alone can warm,
 Her smiles, by art, I win 'em;
 She frowns, I stamp; she scolds, I storm.
 Her heart is flint, my heart's the same;
 Yet two stout flints oft strike a flame,
 And light a match between 'em.
 With a right about, left about,
 Halt! march away, Helen.
 Should I submit, she takes the rod,
 And reads full many a lecture;
 But when, like some avenging god,
 I hurl my bolt, how mild is she!—
 She could not such a Helen be,
 Were I not such a Hector.
 With a right about, left about,
 Halt! march away, Helen.

When Love at first, with soft Emotion.

WHEN love at first, with soft emotion,
Steals within the yielding breast,
How sweetly bitter is the potion,
'Till the passion is confest.

But when the tyrant flame is raging,
A thousand piercing pangs increase;
Ah! when the fire is past assuaging,
What can lull our thoughts to peace?

The Bewildered Maid.

SLOW broke the light, and sweet breath'd the
morn,
When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn:
Her dark hair hung loose on her bare neck of snow;
Her eyes look'd bewilder'd, her cheeks pale with woe,
Ah whence is thy sorrow, fair maiden? said I,
The green grave will answer, she said with a sigh,
The merry lark so sweetly did sing o'er her head,
As she thought on her grief and the battle, she said,
The breeze murmur'd by, as she look'd up forlorn—
Hark! hark! didst thou hear? 'twas the sigh of the
morn.

They say, that in battle my love met his death;
But ah! 'twas this hawthorn that robb'd his sweet
breath—

Come here, faithful Robin, live safe from the storm;
In my bosom now sing, there my true-love lies warm.
Ah, Robin, be constant, my true-love was brave;
Robin shall sit and sing o'er his grave.

Heigho, Heigho!

IN days of old, a tale was told,
And the burden was—heigho, heigho!
Of a lover gay, who tripp'd away
To the cruel wars—heigho, heigho!

When he came back, oh! then, good lack,
The damsel cried, with a—heigho, heigho!
Unknown, to prove, if still his love
Was pure, and worth a—heigho, heigho!

The foldier sigh'd, the damsel cried,
I'm not yet caught with a—heigho, heigho!
If that be true, sweet maid adieu! [heigho!
And he left her to sigh with a—heigho,

When a Man weds, he must make up his Mind.

WHEN a man weds, he must make up his mind
To bad, or good luck, to mishaps of all kind;
And shortly expect that the bright honey-moon,
Some woeful eclipse will obscure very soon.

Marry young wife,—battle and strife,
Ladle'm, cradle'm, sing song;

Widow wed,—mind your bed,
Hemaby, cornaby, ding dong;

Wife rather old,—scratch—scold,
Wrangle'm, jangle'm, row, row:

Lots of brats,—dogs and cats,
Candle'm, dawdle'm, bow, wow:

Hobble de hoys,...girls...boys,

Battledore, rattledore, tee saw;
 Tumble down, ... crack their crown,
 Rumble'm, grumble'm, tee, saw!
 Squalling, bawling, ... calling, mauling,
 Higgledey, piggledey, jingle'm, tingle'm.

When a man weds, he must make up his mind
 To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind;

Kitchen table, ... tower of Babel,
 Flour'em, scour'em, puff, puff!
 Wife frying, ... child crying,
 Stuffing'em, puffing'em, huff, huff; ...
 Crash! ... he! ... 'T wain't I:
 Greasing'em, squeezing'em, splish, splash:
 Dirty dog, ... bottom flog;
 Jerking'em, working'em, dith, dath!
 Doctor's fee, ... can't agree,
 Physic'em, tyfic'em, so, so ...
 Child dies, ... mother cries, ... O! Oh!
 Ladle'em, cradle'm, &c. &c.

I am an old Evergreen.

OH, when I was young how I kiss'd and I toy'd,
 The lasses, sweet creatures, my time quite employ'd,
 I wrote them such posies,
 'Bout sweet briars and roses,
 When dancing, their pride was with me to be seen,
 Tho' now run to seed,
 And call'd an old weed,
 Yet I do as I please,
 Still enjoy my heart's ease,
 And contented I know I'm an old evergreen.

Shut up in this place, as tho' under a frame,
 My trunk remains firm, yet my sap can't the same,
 There's not a day passes,
 But all the young lasses,
 Like ivy, cling round me wherever I'm seen:
 Tho' grown somewhat old,
 My heart's not yet cold,
 I'm as blythe and as gay,
 As a daisie in May,
 And my love for the lasses remains evergreen.

When fresh I wak'd to life's unfolding day.

WHEN fresh I wak'd to life's unfolding day,
 Delight's young dimpled handmaids rock'd my bed,
 Hope kiss'd my eye-lids in the sun's first ray,
 And Fancy twinn'd white blossoms o'er my head.

A father's love, a mother's trembling care,
 Spread fairy visions round my trilling youth,
 While royal lovers kneel'd to call me fair,
 And murmur oaths of unforfaking truth.

No cares could cloud, no passion could destroy,
 The shining softness of those halcyon hours—
 Where'er I look'd, where'er I turn'd, was joy,
 A heaven of sunshine, and an earth of flowers.

But now the fiend shrieks loud, who rules the storm,
 And strides in thunder o'er the frightened sphere,
 Hope, as she listens, veils her flying form,
 And Fancy lingers—but to drink a tear!

FINIS.